[All the Year Round.] PART I. Sixty-five years ago, in the great manufacturing town of Birmingham, which then was only in the dawn of its prosperity, a certain worthy button-manufacturer—not a Crossus by any means, but of wealth sufficient for modest wants—of the name of Fellowes Marianne, who was the daughter of a Baptist minister of somewhat bookish habits, had a vein of gentle romance, to Cowper's Hymns, "The Pil-grim's Progress," and the Bible. The father suggested the unpretending names of John, Richard, Henry, which latter had a tendency in his mouth to lose one letter; the mother wished for something more poetic for the in-fant Hercules, who, she was sure, would grow up to be something remarkable. She suggested Gerald, Cyril, Cecil, Leonard. The father made a wry face at each, but he was heartily fond and proud of his sentimental, "superior wife, and wished to please her. she discovered among her ancestors— for she boasted of ancestors, while he did not go beyond a grand-father who had kept a small cheesemonger's shop—a certain Se-bastian. This was too alluring a name. She harped on the "Sebastian" till her husband gave in, and the boy baby was christened—for Richard Fellowes did not "bold with the Baptists"-by this high-sounding appeila-tion; and Sebastian's mother, as motion; and Sebastian's mother, as mothers have a way of doing, built her airy castles of his future, and dreamed of the honor he would shed on the family he had come to adorn. For a wonder her dreams seemed likely to be fulfilled. He was—every one said so, not only his parents and nurse—

"Was there a devit in Raphaci, sir?" he asked softly.

"Raphael! Do you mean to be a second Raphael?" cried the old man, laughing in his rough way. "But I'm at times unconvinced of Raphael's genius. I sometimes think it was only the consummation of talent. so, not only his parents and nurse—
a beautiful baby, strong, vigorous, rosy-cheeked, dimpled; he read
at four; he got well through the preliminary tortures of pothooks and
hangers; he even triumphed rapidly

Lack devil. Take to domestic art, my
lad. Take to the touching—sentiment,

only the consummation of taient.
Yes, you've a fatal facility, you have
great industry; it is very likely that
you will make money, but you sadly
lack devil. Take to domestic art, my
lad. Take to the touching—sentiment, over the multiplication table. His mother adored him and nourished his growing mind with such literature as understood and loved. But the oddest thing was that the child began to develop an unexpected talent. Neither father, mother, uncle, aunt, nor grandparent had shown any marked leaning in the same di-rection—for feeble pencil land-scapes with trees done in little rows of

with his big, round spectacles, which were very like; he spoiled everything he touched that would admit being That was his father's version: his mother's was very different. If excused him by saying that his head was full of other things; you could not expect a genius to be good at rule of show his talents. Her husband good-naturedly scolded her for her folly, while all the time his own heart was weak about this only son. He was now fifteen, and old enough to "come into the business" as the manufacturer au-

nounced in a matrimonial tête-d-tête

ee, black silhouettes or Berlin-work

d walls of a night narsery, above

figures can hardly be called works of

with a knitting-needle on the color-

in such efforts; he covered his books

with men and women in violent action;

he made a portrait, at eight, of the black cat and his grandfather Mildmay

A stranger casually glancing at this loud, rather blustering manner of speech; the wife mild-eyed, pretty, in an old-fashioned, intensely feminine fashion, as much like a brown-haired spaniel as he was to a bulldog, with her drooping curls and soft, insipid smile— would perhaps have thought him a domestic tyrant and her a willing slave. The facts were just opposite. The Birmingham button-maker was entirely led, if in a silken string, by his softly sentimental wife; she could do with him what she pleased. In his eyes she was highborn, elegant, accomplished, interest-ing; he was diffident about his own tastes, and dependent on her mind outside the sphere of his business, which he kept apart from her. He had let her manage the boy as he had let her name him according to her fancy, and he thought himself favored by fortune for having won so "uncommon" a wife, as be called her. He had a misgiving that his Marianne's opinion on the subject of Sebastian's career might not agree with his, and so, though he pronounced it with a great show of de-termination, as if it were an unalterable decree, he mentally waited with some anxiety to hear what she had to

"You really think of our Sebastian taking to the business, Richard?" his wife cried, raising her mild voice above its usual level, and throwing up her long, thin, mittened hands with a gesture of astonishment. "You cannot be serious, dearest! You must know it will never be."

Why on earth not? It's not a bad business nor anything disgraceful. You used not to despise me for being a manufacturer, Marianne."

"You, dear? Oh, no! I have no-thing to say against the business for you; but Sebastian is different. He is a genius ; he must follow his bent." Mr. Fellowes shrugged his square shoulders in a helpless sort of way; he was silent for a moment, and he then said in a dubious tone : "I doubt genius buttering his bread, Marianne."

"My dear, every one thinks him a wonder. I showed Mr. Gilbertson, the framemaker, his book of drawings, and be said they were 'as-ton-ish-ing.' Gilbertson should be a judge if any one is. He says we ought to send him to study in London; he knows an artist, a very gifted man, who takes pupils and trains there for the Royal Academy. It would be dreadful to tie down such a boy as Sebastian to buttonmaking. I've nothing to say against it," she added coaxingly, as she perceived a slight frown on her lord and master's ce, "only it is not what he is born for; one ought not to thwart a boy's

It ended, as most matrimonial disens ended with this worthy pair,

in Mrs. Fellowes's triumph.

The manufacturer gave way. He went up to town and saw the artist who ook pupils—and who paid Mr. Gil-ertson, the frame-maker, a commission when he got him any—and was im-pressed by the untidy, fierce-looking, ragged-haired man, who had "artist"

reaged-haired man, who had "artist" written, as it were, on the shoulders of his dusty old studio coat.

Mr. Fellowes was an acute and sensible man, though a slave to his die-away, soft-voiced wife, and he rightly judged old Hamlin, the unsuccessful painter, who could never make money, but who could make artists, and who had a spark of the divine fire in him, to be the right man to train the budding genius of Sebastian. His coarse, clever, charcoal drawing, his rough studies of color, which seldom got finished, all had the mark of one who might have made a name if he had not been too erratic, too entravagant, and a little too fond of whakey to finish well what was finely conceived. He could teach, and had taken to that to earn his living when he despaired of ever painting as it was in him to imagine what painting should be. He gladly closed with the liberal offer the Birmingbam trader

made him, and the long, handsome, brown-haired Sebastian, with the awk-wardness of a hobbledehoy and the gentleness of a girl in all his ways, came up to London to board with a Dissenting minister who knew Mrs. Fellowes's father, and to draw at Mr. Hamlin's studio. It was a queer contrast between the studio in Fitzroy Square and the prim household in

"You will never be a great artist, lad!" Hamlin cried out one day, letting his hand fall heavily on his pupil's shoul-der, as he stood behind him looking at could fancy was thin enough; a quick, the chalk drawing on his board. "You've a fatal facility, but you've no

in the least. "Was there a devil in Raphael,

sentiment, that's your line! "Yes, sir. I mean to do so. I should

like to make the world sweeter and better by my brush. Old Hamlin grinned, and then made

an odd face. "Oh, you poor, good prig!" he muttered into his rough gray beard as be turned abruptly on his heel. Sebastian went on with his chalk

drawing of the Discobolus calmly, smiling a little. He did not in the least accept his master's dictum; he meant art. Sebastian was going to be an to be a great man, and he said to himartist! At five he scratched figures self: "I will raise the love of art; mine shall be always pure."

He went on with that "fatal facility

of which the rough artist spoke; his drawings were accepted at the Academore intention than is generally shown my, and he became a student there. He made friends with the few steady pupils, avoided the rowdy ones, pro-tested against the necessity of studying the life model-as may be supposed in vain. He could not see, he said, why knowledge of the human figure could not be mastered from the antique; bed-ridden mother with infinite diffihe objected, on principle, to any other means of obtaining such knowother means of obtaining such know-ledge; he carefully concealed from his man, who would rather have suffered good parents in Birmingham, and from the serious friends there, the awful fact that he was obliged to draw from the be simple and good. He walked three and hic hoc hoc. It was not that he was idle or obstinate, as his master said; it was that he had not scope to show his talents. Her husband goodnaturedly scolded her for her folly, Of course Sebastian was a laughing-

stock. He was partly unconscious of that fact, wholly unmoved by it. The long-limbed, thin, rather angular lad, had grown into a singularly handsome young man, with a certain stateliness of demeanor and sweetness of expression; a deliberate courtesy of manner. couple-the husband black-browed, sion; a deliberate courtesy of manner him paint her for his angel. When she thick-set, with a somewhat bulldog set which he were perpetually; long brown of features, stout and solid figure, and locks curling at the end like his chiefly adorned with his own pictures in mother's; and features a little like those of the Stuart Charles the First. He was, in spite of his rather melan-

choly expression, a luckly fellow, as all his companions declared. He never had "Oh, sir, how lovely! I had no any reverses; but then he was unexceptionable-he never deserved any. He spent no time or money in riotous living; he drew or painted all day; occasionally went to the play; but more often his relaxations took the form of "spending a quiet evening" with friends. If the friends had daughters, he had cordial relation with them; but

scholarship, and visited Italy.

At twenty-three he had his own studio, and began to fill it with pictures. When he went home to Birmingham at Christmas he took his mother a present of one of these, beautifully framed

complacency, though he said he was no judge of such things. In his heart he had left him to rest after his journey, judge of such things. In his heart he marvelled at the strange development of the Fellowes stock, and supposed it was the Mildmay blood—Marianne's father, the minister, had published a book on the Prophets, and was con-

sidered a light in his connection.

It is true that the next Academy skyed the only picture they took of Sebastian's, but he went on serenely and like; and the year following he made his first hit with them. Three of his baby subjects were well hung, his reli-gious one of "Christian at the Foot of

the Cross" being rejected.

He felt that it was, as he said, his mission to sweeten and purify the world with his talent. Forty years ago art was at a low ebb; critics were not so critical as they are now; the day of universal talent, of hopelessly overstocked markets of genius, had not begun. People, especially women, liked pretty, sentimental drawing-room pictures, and Sebastian Fellowes suited bern of the noble army of Royal Acadether. He sold his three cestivated tures, and Sebastian Fellowes suited them. He sold his three easily, and had an order for more. The robuster spirits scoffed at his mild art; but he never minded scoffers, and they liked him in a way—even while they more than half despised him—he was so polite, so kind, so impossible to ruffle.

ber of the noble army of Royal Academicians, privileged to exhibit eight pictures on the line, a privilege of which he availed himself every year for more than twenty years, with scarcely a gap. He was the "luckiest beggar," his friends said.

He took a large house in Kensington him in a way—even while they more than half despised him—he was so polite, so kind, so impossible to ruffle. And behind all the mildness there was a grand obstinacy, which was, perhaps, the most valuable quality he possessed. Self-belief and obstinacy, these take a man for!

Self-belief and obstinacy, these take a man far!

He had no despairs or agonies; a happier man could hardly be. "And so good," his mother said with tears. "Most great geniuses are wild and difficult, but Sebastian is so good! He never forgets his father or me; he spends all the time he can with us; he never says a harsh word; he is as steady as if he had never left his mother's side!"

Certainly there was no sign of "devil" developing itself in Sebastian Fellowes. He painted on serenely, and had his public, his admirers, and his buyers. As for the class of critics who spoke of his pictures as "the roast mutton and milk pudding style of art"—a profane description which stuck—he ignored them with generous disregard. He could afford to be abused; the art journals of the day reproduced his "lovely bits of domestic art" in steel engravings of exquisite softness, and many a fair hand turned the page tenderly.

was one to grow only in a certain shape.

No one said any ill of him; he was a good deal ridiculed, it is true, but that did not touch him, and in his home he was adored.

When his father died suddenly, some years after Sebastian's marriage, he took his mother to live with him, and, astonishing to say, mother and wife agreed. Mary was gentle, malleable, grateful, devoted. The two had one common object of adoration: they united in declaring Sebastian to be the first, best, dearest, most gifted of men; Certainly there was no sign of "devil"

Every year he conscientiously produced what he called a "serious" work, taking his subject from the Bible, from Milton, Spenser, or his mother's favorite, "Pilgrim's Progress." These did not sell so well as the babies, but he enjoyed painting them, and felt that he was fulfilling his destiny and raising trast between the studio in Fitzroy
Square and the prim household in
Charlotte street. The one dirty,
disorderly, strongly flavored with
slang, tobacco, and spirits, with a Boherman atmosphere of cleverness and
deviltry; the other, narrow, precise,
conventionally pious, redolent of tea
and tracts. The quiet boy had far
more in common with the latter, though
he meant to seize every opportunity
that the studio offered to make that
fame for which he longed, and to which
he set his obstinate will. He disliked
and disapproved of the talk, the smoke,
the disorder; but he went calmly on
in the midst of it, and fixed his mind
firmly on the star of his hope beyond.
He was an odd mixture; his stubbornness kept him serenely correct in what contemporary art. So the years slipped prosperously and calmly on till he was thirty, and then two great events came

He was an odd mixture; his stubbornness kept him serenely correct in what would have been a terrible ordeal for a when she blushed and withdraw weak or passionate temperament, and he was equally uninfected by the fer-vor and fire of his master's spirit; yet he was always mild, soft-spoken, dowould see more of her. As usual, Sebastian's lucky star was in the ascendant; he saw her put her hand in her could fancy was thin enough; a quick, pink color—the blush of surprise and dismay, not of gentle confusion this devil in you. Every genius must have devil and angel mixed in him."

Sebastian glanced up and smiled a last, and looked across at Sebastian—little. He did not believe in the words they were alone in the omnibus—with an expresson of despair.

"Can I help you? Have you lost anything?" he asked her softly. Girls always instinctively trusted the handsome, stately man, with the kind, friendly brown eyes.

"I have been robbed," she said, with a little quiver in her voice, which was not at all a vulger one, though the

tone had a trace of the cockney. "I had not much, but it is very awkward— I have nothing to pay the man." "Don't trouble at all about it. I

shall be only too glad to help you out of that little difficulty," he said in his gentlest, most persuasive voice, instantly producing and passing a shilling to the conductor with the word

"Thank you so much," she said, blushing again. "I will send you the sixpence if you'll tell me where. "No; pray, pray, do not take the trouble! Do not think of it."

"I had rather," she said quietly, and a second thought striking him, he gave her his card at once. It occurred to him that he should like her to know where he lived.

When she asked him to stop the omnibus he got out with her, and pre-tending that he had business in her direction, asked very humbly if he might walk with her. She could not help trusting him; she could not help liking im. They got into talk as if they had been "properly" introduced. She was only a respectable little working-girl, who did fine work for a baby-linen warehouse and supported an invalid, culty and uncomplaining hard work; torture than betray a maiden's trust. They knew each other, somehow, to hesitated a moment ; was very kind and different stages, she clasped her hands in delighted surprise, with an exclamation that made him smile with plea-

idea you were a great painter.'

Sebastian found it necessary to have very numerous sittings, and it so happened that his mother-who had con unexpectedly to town to consult a great physician for her husband, who was he kept out of flirtations or lovemaking.

Before he left the academy he obtained a gold medal; he got a travelling plexioned model sat on the dais, with drooping head and very pink ckeeks, her long, white, angelic drapery trail-ing around her, and kneeling by her. with both her hands clasped in his and rapturously held to his breast, was Mrs.

Fellowes's immaculate Sebastian! and smoothly painted—a Biblical subject—"Ruth Binding the Sheaves."

Mrs. Fellowes shed happy tears over it. Neither she nor any of her friends who were invited to see "dear Sebastian's sweet painting" discovered that Ruth's arm was out of drawing, and her love thrown, of the temptations of Babylon, and fair-haired, deceitful Delilahs, passed through the mother's brain and made her utter a kind of scream; but Sebastian was not at all perturbed, though his poor angel felt ready to sink the floor in invocent shame. hand too small by several inches. It was a lovely face; so smooth, and with such big, brown eyes, such richly curling mother, with a surprised inquiry ing locks below the veil; the sky was as to how she got there. She told him so blue and the corn so yellow. Even in a few incoherent sentences how the buttonmaker looked at it with much bis father was ill and had come up to thinking to surprise her dear Sebastian : but now, really, who is this-this young

"This young lady, mother," Sebas-tian answered with some emphasis, is going to be my wife. Come here, Mary. I hope you and my dear good mother will love each other."

It was very difficult and awkward for had no fears. He took to painting do-mestic subjects—pretty babies begin-ning to walk, with smiling young mothers looking on—"The First Tooth," "Papa's Coming," and such words more made her weep over the girl, whom she folded in a large em-brace and kissed, with the long, span-iel-like curls tickling her face so that

it was all Mary could do to stand it.
"And, mother, I have more good news for you," Sebastian said presently, situation had become les when the

and built a studio. He was very generous and kind to young artists who were tractable, to all his relations and old friends. He narrowed, of course, and pardened round a certain set of opinions. He was sure to do that. He got intolerant and more intolerant of differing beliefs, of all Bohemianism, irre ligion, disrespectability of any kind-of theatres, of smoking, and of many other things which most men call harm-

other things which most men call harmless and necessary.

His early strict training, the narrow
groove of the old Birmingham household had first shaped his mind, and it
was one to grow only in a certain shape.
No one said any ill of him; he was a
good deal ridiculed, it is true, but that
did not touch him, and in his home he
was adored.

When his father died suddenly, some
years after Sebastian's marriage, he

in admiring every dab of his brush, every line made by his pencil.

They had an album filled with newspaper scraps—of course, all eulogistic notices of his pictures. The nasty critics, the pressing

notices of his pictures. The hasty critics, the gneering, or ridiculing ones, found their way silently to the waste-paper basket and lit the fire. Mary thanked heaven every night that she had found such a husband, his mother that she had so good a son As for him, he was very happy. Mary was the best of wives, and he was so content with his lot that he hardly

grieved over what was her one secret sorrow—that they had no children. He would have liked a son to inherit his genius; she yearned for a daughter to be blessed as she was. For the rest they had no troubles, or only very few. Sometimes he felt as if he were rathe unappreciated; that with all his efart was not purified; that the public taste was growing coarse and public taste was growing coarse and depiaved. They passed his large Bibli-cal or allegorical pictures by and flock-ed to some realistic, horrible, or sen-sual picture—these were his epithets for them. Perhaps the world would not have echoed them.

The papers had a nesty trick of

sneering at his "smooth sentimental-

ism," his "impossible anatomy," and so on. He only thought the world growing bad, but it distressed him a little to see the people led astray and pure art despised. Mary felt it, too, but she managed to soothe him at home with her boundless sympathy and the innocent flattery of her belief in him. He had been prudent, had good investments, and, with his father's legacy, was rich enough, if not exceedingly so. When he and passed his forty-fifth birthday his mother died as gently as she deserved to do, mildly giving up a life which had been a tranquil one; which had been lived, perhaps, not in the highest air, but had been very sweet and wholesome in its nar-row, guarded sphere. Sebastian felt loss as good sons ought; but he had a great consolation, which he repeated constantly to himself—he had one his duty throughout; he had made her happy. In this, as in other respects, he had nothing to reproach himself with.

He did not exhibit his full number of pictures at the next Academy exhibi-tion; but a rumor put about that he was giving up, that he had painted him-self out, roused him to great energy and a determination to disabuse the public mind of so absurd an idea; and the year following he worked so industriously at covering his large canvases that his wife trembled for his health. she dreaded his falling a martyr to the demands of his art; but Seba tian was not an exhausting muse he had none of the irritability, the restlessness, the fits of indolence, the despondency that genius knows That genius of his, in which he himsel and Mary-and no one else in the world-so devoutly believed, was only talent dressed up, only the fatal fa cility of his youth, which his old mas ter-long since dead in a garret-had lecried in his student days. And talent s not exhausting; it has none of the caddening demands, the fierce contra ictions of genius; it goes hand in hand ery well with industry and wealth.
"What a truly awful picture! Who

s it? And what is it supposed to epresent?" One young art student put this ques tion to another in the Academy of only a few years since, as they paused in front of a vast and highly-colored can-

"Don't von know? Whose else could it be?" answered the other, aughing. "The inimitable Fellowes R. A., of course, though he has rather surpassed bimself this year. 'An Allegory of Life and Death, he calls it. Blest if I can make out anything but a lot of disjointed, sprawling creatures in flopping drapery. You need never ask who has painted any particularly You need never awful picture—safe to find it's an R. A., enerally Fellower

An elder man joined them at the moment-a rather rough-looking, graybearded man, with bright eyes; an artist working his way up doggedly by means of the sort of pictures which Sebastian Fellowes had always denounced.

nounced.
"Don't talk so loud, you fellows!"
he said, tapping one of them on the
shoulder. "I saw the painter of this
lovely acre of canvas close by just now.
He generally haunts the neighborhood
of his works of art, and your remarks might be painful."

"But surely a picture exhibited publicly on the line is public property, and I shouldn't have thought, Mr. Murray, that you would be so very tender over old Fellowes. Aren't you and he at laggers drawn?"

"Aye! But somehow I've a sort of compassion for him; this exhibition is rather pathetic to me. He has got so hopelessly past his age, and he goes on believing in himself and thinking that others do so, too; besides, ha's really a good sort of worthy soul, and he looks haggard and altered. He's lost all his complacent dignity. Some one says that his wife died after a long illness while he was painting that poor old daub—that figure's taken from her, they say." The three moved on talking. They

did not rotice a tall man, who leaned on the rail near the big pictare, with his head down. A good many people might have failed to recognize Sebastian Fellowes, once so sleek, prosper-ous, stately; he had grown thin, gray, haggard-looking, all at once. A year and a half ago, the discovery that his wife—his other self, his Mary, who adored him and was to him the pearl of all womankind, in spite of her fifty years and faded prettiness, in spite of her gray hairs and the altered lines of her once plump and comely figure—that she was marked out for death; that a few short years at most, perhaps months, of growing torture would end the happy communion between them, unspoiled, undisturbed for almost thirty years, which seemed but a day for the love they bore each other; this knowledge, the cruel traged of swiftly overtaking fate, crushed all the happiness out of the husband's life, and brought suddenly upon him the certainty of a hopeless woe. He kept it to himself, as a man must when the woman is to be spared; he was cheerful, hopeful to her, studiously commonplace for a long time, as if he did not see or know of any change; but this broke down— he found that it distressed her; that she would be relieved if they could share the burden; and they talked to-gether of the days that were to come, and tried to comfort each other with the religion which they had worn all their lives without particularly feeling the need of it, perhaps, but which they now wanted to make a sufficient shelter

world, the sin and the shame, which were real enough to him in spite of his half delirium; the half-ingle end. The hisband, who took the part of the one who sustains and comforts, was most in need of support. He in painting; he would sancify hisgrief, he said, and make out of it a help and message to the world, to other people who had to suffer as he did. He sat for hours while his wife slept after her opiates and put many a really noble and beautiful thought which haunted him in a dreamy way into visible shape—at least he thought he put

no more. He was conscious of a curious failing; a numbness of brain; a forgetfulness at times. He told himself that his day was done; that he would retire on this one great achievement, this message of his sorrow and love, and then give himself up to loneliness, to prayer—trying to knit his soul with to prayer-trying to knit his soul with that other soul that would soon be beyond bis voice. He thought at times with a certain longing of the Foman Catholic Church; of retreats; of the still, dim churches where he had wandered in his traveiling days; of lying at the foot of a crucifix in the silence and calling upon the Christ who had suffered; perbeps, though his Protestant conscience recoiled, he thought of the Mary whose name was so dear and sacred to him. He felt almost happy in moments when thus seated at this great picture of his, which was to be his masterpiece, when his mind soared into spiritual visions and life seemed a mere short dream to be soon got through. Fefore the picture was finished his

wife died. He crawled back the day after the funeral to his studio and painted again. He seemed less lonely there than anywhere else, and he painted on, half unconscious. It seemed to him all right and beautiful; he fancied that an angel guided his hand. No one saw the picture in the studio people called and left kind messages, but he saw no one. He scarcely ate or slept, but grew every day grayer, more wasted, more sitered; but he was not so utterly miserable till the picture—his only one—was sent to the Academy. Then his work in life seemed done; he could not paint any more. He could only before his easel looking with blank, unseeing eyes on a blank canvas and waiting till his picture should speak for him to the world. This was all that he had looked forward to—only a chill phantom of a hope but still feebly glimmering upon the dark of his long, lone, dreary, companionless days. He sat in the studio motionless before the empty canvas on the easel, thinking of the early married years, when Mary sat and worked there, stopping her stitching and hemming to watch and admire; when they still hoped for the children to make their blithe noise in the large, quiet rooms, when youth and hope and enjoyment were their portion. He got up sometimes, moved by he knew not what vague impulse, and wandered into the room, where, during those sad all right he simply ignored critilast months, which now seemed almost bliss by comparison, she had lain so white and patient on that couch which

was now smoothed down and empty like everything else. He talked to himself or to her, found himself asking questions and waiting for an answer when only silence mocked his ear; he was terrified as if by a crime, and thought himself growing an infidel, because it seemed to him that when be called on Heaven there was silence, too, and only untenanted space all round him.

Poor Sebastian! Doubt had always been one of the sins of the world in his eyes, and even in his anguish of be cavement and his sense of forsakenness ois spirit was struggling against it with what force remained to him. vants, who liked him-for he was a kind master, though a distant-one-shook their heads over his looks and ways ; he was not himself, they said, meaning much by the phrase, which, indeed, was most true. He was not himself; he had been torn asunder from the main support of his life, and the clutch

of Giant Despair was on his heart. A faint gleam of something like interest in the world revisited him on the day on which the Academy opened. He tried not to dwell upon the remembrance of all the other opening days, when his proud, adoring wife had been with him, and all the exhibi-tion centered to her in her particular B. A.'s seven or eight big pictures; when she gleaned all the complimenta-ry remarks (alas! scanty enough lately) made by country folks, and women chiefly, which she could repeat to him, and refused to hear the scoffs and rude laughter that sometimes passed by her hero's work.

This great picture of his, his "Allegory of Life and Death," painted, it seemed to him, with his very heart's blood, which meant to him all that was most sacred, tenderest, noblest in his mind, this must touch even a careless and deprayed public, and speak from him to them as deep calls to deep. He took up his place near it, not from vanity now—he had had his days of vanity and self-conceit, he had been blinded by an ingenious, not unlovable, sort of egotism ever since the old days of his studentship, when Hamlin abused him for his "fatal facility" and "want of devil"—but he was moved now by a different spirit; it was more the longing for human sympathy, by a desire to force the thoughtless world into an affinity with what seemed to the man broken with grief the only mood worth attaining in this life of ours, with its momentary possibilities of disaster and misery. He listened, with all his soul on the stretch, with every nerve quivering for this touch, with an acuteness hearing unusual to him, for the words

of the passers-by.

He heard one after another as they pansed to give a curious, amused, cursory glance at this work of his supremest moments-throw it a light, ridiculing, frivolous remark. He heard men say: "Old Fellowes again! Why, he must be in his second childhood Isn't it preposterous to cover the walls with this sort of stuff?" He heard the with this sort of stuff?" He heard the laughing voice of girls and boys: "Oh, goodness, what a picture! What does it all mean? What's this great sprawling creature with the green face doing? What are all these miscellaneous things messing about here for? Chains and money and flowers-like an old curiosity shop! Isn't it too amusing?'

Every light, jesting word stung him like a whip of nettles. Amusing! Absurb! His great picture, his conception of the deepest, most tragical reali ties of life and sorrow! He started suddenly from his leaning position, and faced wildly about on the assembled crowd which was moving, laughing, buzzing before him, till his disordered, confused brain spun round as in a witches' dance. He looked from side to side, and out of the confusion one fact and out of the confusion one fact glared clearly at him. Every one was given up to evil tastes and pur-suits. This jeering, foolish mob were led astray by the false gods of the world. They were pushing each other, straining to see, eager to admire that picture there—which to him at this moment seemed inspired by Satan him-rest—that picture of Cleary treads here gainst despair.

Ah, we talk and talk, we properly by but when the heart is cold and sick, and we stand shivering at the edge of a dark precipice, over which we soon must go, how difficult it is to comfort our souls with any of the phrases which we called beliefs and the consolations which availed for little words. He denounced the "Cleopatra," the denounced the "Cleopatra," the vile taste of the world, the sin and the shame, which were real enough to him in spite of his half delirium; the half-inghtened, shrinking, half-amused looks and whispers of the people, who fell away out of the reach of his swing-sidly approaching the side of the world, the sin and the shame, which were real enough to him in spite of his half delirium; the half-inghtened, shrinking, half-amused looks and whispers of the people, who fell away out of the reach of his swing-sidly approaching the taste of the taste of the some of the self—that picture of Cleopatra and her women, the guileful "Serpent of Old Nile," with her shameless, familial

them. His "Allegory of Life and Death" meant a great deal to him, and he felt as if it must speak plainly to the world.

After this he thought he would paint no more. He was conscious of a curious failing; a numbness of brain; a that since his wife died. Let's stop it and get him away if possible."

"If possible, before he does a mischief; make haste. He is quite mad, to judge from his looks."

The first speaker reached him and took his arm with a firm but kindly

grasp, speaking soothingly in his ear.
"My dear Mr. Fellowes it is hardly
the place, is it? You won't want to make a scene here—you'll come away
with me. My wife will be so glad to
see you."
Sebastian ceased talking suddenly,
and turned round on the speaker with

a dazed and vacant stare.
"Eh?" he said, with not a touch of his old punctilious courtesy. "I don't know you or your wife—toy wife is dead," he added, with a sudden pittful drop in his voice; "she was a good woman. I should have liked you to know her. She is dead, and the peo-ple in London are all gone mad. They rave about that—that piece of mere rave about that—that piece of mere-tricious audacity," he raised his tone sgain as he pointed with his long, waving arm at the "Cleopatra," "and sneer at my 'Allegory of Life and I cath, which was meant to regenerate the world!"

Yes, yes," cried the other, eager to get him away with as little fass as possible, "it is shameful, astonishing but I wouldn't stop here now, Mr. Fellowes. It will only tire you, and there is too much noise for people to hear what you say-suppose you write a paper and explain your picture-it's too subtle, too deep-come away-let's talk of it."

He drew him gently through the gaping crowd—the strange-looking, wild, altered gray-beard, who was once the screne, prosperous, handsome, stately Schastian Fellowes, unrecognizable almost now, and a thing to stir

pathos and pity.
In a few days there was this anconcement in the Times: "On the 6th instant, very suddenly, Sebastian Fellowes, R. A., of square, Kensington."
Neil Murray, happening to light on
Mr. Fellowes's friend Kelly, asked him

some particulars of the death. The good-natured little man looked

a commonplace, prosperous life. The poor old boy was quite mad; his brain seemed suddenly and utterly to have given way. I suppose the loss of his wife and not taking care of his health had begun it, and the reception of that unfortunate, inconceivable picture finciam or ridicule, and put it down to jealousy or want of per-ception. He had the firmest, finest belief in himself. In the state he was in-worked up already to a queer pitch of excitement—it was too rough on him. The making a joke of what was so solemn a reality to him was the worst. He was quite entirely be side himself when I got him out of the Academy. I took him to his house warned the servants, who seemed to have expected some such break-out, and sent for his old friend Dr. Harley. I called in the evening, and the servants said he had got very quiet and had gone to lie down in their mistress's room. I waited a long while, and, getting somehow a little uneasy, went up at last, and, as no one answered when I knocked, I went in. He kneeling upon the floor, with his body thrown over a little couch. On a table was a maisiscript, methodically pinned together-the most utter farrago you can imagine-a treatise on art, of which he was the only living worthy representative; denunciation of painting of the nude; an exposition of his views on religion, all jumbled up to gether and dedicated to his faithful and

dored wife. He was quite dead.' "Dead! But what killed him?" "Of all men in the world the most unlikely, I should say, to do it-he had committed suicide. He had taken the morphia which was left in the bottle that was used for Mrs. Fellowes. Of course there was not a shadow of doubt as to his absolute insanity. After all, it is the very best thing that could have happened to him. His day was over in every sense. Oh, by the way, he has left all his unsold pictures to his native town. Don't you think they will make

a wry face there over his bequest?".
"He has gone to find out the eternal 'if'!" said Murray thoughtfully-"a man who had no 'if' in his life. a curious end to a commonplace career. So the 'Allegory of Life and Death' wants an interpreter still!"

A QUESTION ABOUT Brown's Iron Bitters ANSWERED.

The question has probably been asked the of times. How on Brown's from Bitters cure things? Well, if dress? But it does care any for which a reputable physician would prescrib Physicians recognize from as the best rest agent known to the profession, and inquiry leading chemical from will substantiate the could be a substance used in medicine of text than other are more preparations of text than other are based in medicine of the profession and in the profession and the profession and the profession and the profession of the profession and important factor in successful medical practical however, a remarkable fact, that prior to the di arref BROWN'S IRON BITTERS napelle action. BROWN'S IROR BITTERS does not layer

badache, or produce constipation—all other free medicines de. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, cares Indigestion, Bilionaness, Wenkuess, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Caills and Fevers, Tired Feeling, General Debility, Pain is the Side, Back or Ling, Hendache and Neuralgia-for all these allagants from is prescribed daily, BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, however does minute. The allagants in a minute. minute. Like all other thorough medicines aloaly. When taken by see the first cyny benefit is renewed energy. The muscles then firmer, the disection improves, the bowels are in somes the effect is usually mere rapid and it. tine has Trade Mark and crossed red line

A RICHMOND DRUGGIST TESTIFES THAT LE WAS CURED OF CHILLS OF THREE YEARS! CONTINUANCE.

reserviptionist at Owons & Minor's, the promi-

cent druggists, opposite the post-office, gives

the fellowing remarkable cure of himself by

RICHMOND, VA., April 23, 1887.

EICHMOND, VA., April 23, 1881.

Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.:

Gentlemon,—I contracted maiarta several years ago, and I had chills for three years. I was so reduced that I could not work. I took quinine and everything else that I haw of, but got no permanent benefit. Finally, on recommendation of a fellow-druggist, I took S. S. Less then half dozen bottles thoroughly eradicated the maiaria, and I have not had a chill since. Ny health is good, and I can attend to business overy day.

Yours truly,

THOMAS C. WILLSON.

ANOTHER RICHMOND DRUGGIST CURED OF AN OBSTINATE CASE OF RING-WORM BY SWIFT'S SPECIFIC. RICHMOND, VA., April 23, 1887.



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and whole-someness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low-test, short-weight, alumn or phosphate powders. Sold only in caus. ROYALBAKING-POWDER COMPANY, 108 Wall street, New York.

CURE FITS

RAILROAD LINES.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE,
RICHMOND AND PETERSBURG RAILBOAD,
RICHMOND, VA., April 28, 1887. NOTICE.—ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, May 1, 1887, 19

NOTICE.—ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, May 1, 1887, the through passenger trains Nos. 15 and 56, heretofore leaving Richmond at 9.35 P. M. and arriving at Richmond at 16:55 A. M., respectively, will be discontinued.

R. M. SULLY, Superintendent.

rued. R. M. SULLI, Superior Agent. T. M. EMERSON, General Passenger Agent. Sol. Haas, Traffic Manager. ap 28-48 "It was a tragedy-an odd ending of RICHMOND AND ALLEGHANY RAILROAD.
SCHEDULE OF TRAINS IN EFFECT
MARCH 25, 1887.
TWO DAILY TRAINS (EXCEPT SUNDAY)

BICHMOND AND LYNCHBURG. Through Accom-Mail modation. Express t No. 1. † No. 3. † No. 9. 10-35 A. M. 4-90 P. M. 6-10 P. M. Arriva

Arriva

Sextessifie . 1:08 A. M. 8:05 P. M. 11:47 P. M.

Sewardsville . 1:55 P. M. 11:25 P. M.

ynchbofig . 3:49 P. M. 12:0 A. M.

sexington . 6:47 P. M. 7:45 A. M.

lifton Forga . 7:49 P. M. AMRIVE EICHMOND.
5:05 P. M. MAIL dulif (except Sundays.
5:25 A. M. ACCOMMODATION dulif (except)

7-50 A. M. NIGHT EXPRESS daily (except Monday), CONNECTIONS, CONNECTIONS.

At Ciliton Force with Chesapeace and Obic call sty for the South, West and Northwest.

At Lynchturg with North and Western rai-road for all points South, Southerst, and Southwest, and Virginia Midlant railway for all points North and South.

At Richmond with Associated Railways for all points in the South, and Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac railroad for the North.

At Lexington with Railimore and Ohio rail-road, making close connections at Harpers Ferry to and from Pittsburgh and the West, also to points North and East.

Siceping-car attached to Night Express to Lynchburg.

Sleeping-cars Lynchburg to Memphis, New

Lynchburg.
Sleeping-cars Lynchburg to Memphis, New Orleans, and Little Rock.
Trains marked † daily (except Sunday)
Tickets sold to all points. Offices: 918 east Main street, 1000 Main, and at Hichmond and Alleghany depot, Eighth and Canal streets.

JOHN R. MACMURDO,
mb. 31 General Passenger and Extress Agent. mh 21 General Passenger and Express Agent. RICHMOND, FREDERICKSBURG

THROUGH ALL-RAIL FAST-FREIGHT LINE TO AND FROM BALTIMORE, PHILA-DELPHIA, NEW YORK, AND EASTERN AND WEST-ERN CITIES.

ONLY TWELVE HOURS BETWEEN RICE MOND AND BALTIMORE IN EACH DIRECTION. Correspondingly quick time to other points.
Through bills of lading issued at low rates,
C. A. TAYLOR,
se if General Freight Agent,

OEPARTURE OF STEAMERS. DHILADELPHIA, BICH-

MOND AND NORFOLK STEAMSHIP COMPANY. pointed sailing days: Every TUESDAY

ight for Tuesdays' and Fridays' steamer ed Hill H:30 A. M.; for Sundays steamer, P. M. Saturday. Preight received daily P. M. Fore, 5%.
For further information apply to
J. W. McCARRICE,
General Southern Agent, Office Rocketts,
W. P. CLYDE & CO.,
se II General Agents, Philadelphia.

OLD DOMINION STEAM-SHIP COMPANY. FOR NEW YORK. steamers leave Richmond EVERY TURSDAY of FRIDAY at 3 P. M., and SUNDAY at high-

bol FRIDAT 443 f. S., and Soverander Scatter.
Steamers leave New York for Richmond so Section EVERTY TUESDAY and SATURDAY it 2 P. M., and for Richmond direct EVERTY HURSDAY at 5 P. M.
Fassenger accommodations unsurpassed.
Cann fare to New York via James-river pote declaiding meals and berth)... \$ 9.02
Cound-trip tickets builted to thirty days after date of issue... 14 02
Steerage, with subsistence... 5 03
Steerage, without subsistence... 5 03

n fare efa Richmond and Petersburg

pany's offices, 1301 Main street, and wharf, secretts.

Freights forwarded and through bills of lading issued for points beyond New York.

Freight received daily until 8 P. M.

Manifest closed on sailing days one near before departure.

Fascengers can leave New York Thursday, and Saturday at 3 P. M. by the Newport Nowe issuemer and arrive at Richmond by the Chesnical and arrive at Richmond by the Chesnical and Onlie train the next day at 5:15 P. M.

Passengers leaving Richmond on MONDAYS, THURSDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, THURSDAYS, and SATURDAYS by the Chesnical and Onlie callway (via Newport News) at 3:10 P. M., and by Richmond and Petersburg railroad (same lays) at 10:10 A. M., will make connection at NG-POLK with steamer leaving those days.

E.CHMOND, Captain BOAZ, FRIDAY, April 29th, at 3 o'clock P. M.

EANOKE, Captain GOUGH, SUNDAY, May 1st, at 10 o'clock P. M.

GEORGE W. ALLEN & CO., Agents, No. 1301 Main street, and Company's wharf, Rockests.

VIRGINIA STEAMBOAT

VIEGINIA STEAMBOAT COMPANYS.
JAMES-RIVER LINE
POR NORFOLK, PORTSMOUTH, NEWPORT
NEWS, CLAREMONT, AND
JAMES-RIVER LANDINGS DIRECT.
AND ONLY DIRECT ROUTE WITHOUT
TRANSPER OR CHANGE OF
ANY KIND.

CONNECTIONS:

At NORFOLK closely with all lines for Old
Point Comfort, Washington, D. C., Baltimore,
Philadelphia, and New Yorr; same afternoon
also with rail and steamboat lines for eastern
North Carolina and the South.

At NEWPORT NEWS for Smithfield, Va.;
And at CLAREMONT with the Atlantic and
Darville railroad for Waverly, Ricksford, &c.
ONLY ALL-WATER ROUTS.

ONLY ALL-WATER ROUTS.

JAMES RIVER BY DAYLIGHT.
GREAT TOURIST HOUTE.
JAMESTOWN, DUTCH GAP, AND WAR-SCENERY.
CHEAPEST ROUTE.
RATES MUCH LESS THAN HALP CHARGED BY ANY OTHER ROUTE.
FIRST-CLASS MEALS.
The eleganty-robult and fast steamer
ARIEL.
(carrying United States Mail.)
CATAIN DEYO.
HEAVES RICHMOND every
MONDAY, WEDNESHAY, AND FRIDAY at 7.
A. M. (BROAD-STREET CARS CONNECT IN FULL Time for above-named places, arriving at Norfolk at 5 P. M. Returning, the steamer leaves Norfolk, Old Point, and Newport News on alternate days, arriving at Richmond at 5 P. M.
Through tickets to above-named points on

Through tickets to above-named points on the on steamer and at Garber's Agency, 1000 ain street. Baggage checked through. STATE-ROOMS ENGAGED FOR DAY OR NIGHT. Freight received daily for Norfolk, Portamouth, Smithfield, Ilampion, Old Point, Waveriy, and Hicksford, Va.; Washington, D. C.; Newborn, Washington, and Tartonov, N. C.; all stations on Atlantic and Danville railroad, Seaboard and Roanoke railroad, Norfolk Southern railroad, and Eastern North Carolina generally; also, for Eastern Shore of Virginia and all regular landings on the James and Rappethrough Mile Israel.

RAILROAD LINES DIEDMONT AIR-LINE. BICHMOND AND DANVILLE RAILROAD, SHORTEST AND MOST DIRECT ROUTE TO THE SOUTH PULLMAN SLEEPERS ON ALL NIGHT TRAINS. Arrive Balishury.
Arrive Charlotte.
Arrive Augusta.
Arrive Augusta.
Arrive Augusta.
Arrive New Orlean 3:00 P. M. B:17 P. M. 12:33 A. M. 9:15 A. M. 1:00 P. M. irrive Birmingham. CONNECTION

BURKEVILLE ACCOUNTED

YORK-FIVER LINE-DAMA ON WEST FOINT, EXCEPT SUNDAY. FOINT EXCEPT SUNDAY.

The favorile route to Faithmers. The scarmers on this line are noted to the larty scarmers at december. Leave Richmond 2 20 P. M. and 5 P. M., arrive Enthument 2 20 P. M. and 5 P. M., arrive Enthument 5 P. M., arrive Enthument 5 P. M. arrive Enthument 5 P. M. and 5 P. M. arrive Enthument 5 P. M. arrive at Enthument 5 P. M. arrive 5 P

WEST POINT ACCOUNTDING Street depot).

Paily, 'Paily except Sunlay bepot and ticket-office: Foct on C1-town office: Currier Tenth and JAMES L. CA

Assetstant General Pa SOL, HAAS, Traffic Manager; 1971. YORFOLK AND WESTERN BALL

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT MARCH IS 1800 TWO DAILY TRAINS TO NORPOLE TWO DAILY TRAINS TO LYNCHIUM LEAVE RICHMOND

10:49 A. M. Dally, rise Richmond and Paters burg railroad. Arrive at Pager-burg 11:28 A. M.; Jeave Patersonary 11:38 A. M. dally; zerrive at Nortota 2:25 P. M. 9:30 A. M. Dally, etc. Richmond and Paterso-burg railroad. Arrive at Paterso-burg 10:30 A. M. No. Beaver Pa-tersioned 10:20 P. M. for Parenville, Lynch burg, Ronnow, Brand Knowstile, and all points south and

TEROUGH CAR TO LYNCHBURG.

PULLMAN SEEEPING-CAR ACCOMMODA

No. 1—Sleeping-our from Petersburg to Resold without change, and Lynchburg to Little lock without change.

No. 3—Lynchburg to New Orleans, and Rose. No. 3-Lynchburg to New Orleans, and Rosso do to Chatthnoops, without change,
Tickets, baggage-checks, and an information can be obtained at Richmond and Petersburg aritroad depot and at A. W. Garberts, from Sunstret.

W. B. SLVILL,
General Passenger and Theset Agent.
GRARLES G. Edby, Vice-Problems.
General office, Roanske, Va. mb if

CHESAPEAKE AND ORIO ROUTE, SCHEDULE TAKING EFFECT FEBRUARY 26, 1887.

8:45 A. M. for Newport News, Old Point Com-fort daily, and for Nortons, takey except Sunday, Pullman parter 11:10 A. M. Through and Local Mail to an points West, Sheepers Clifton Forge to Buntington, except Sun-

8:19 P. M. for Newport News, Old Point, and Norfolk, except Sunday. Pullma. Norfolk, except Sunday, Pullman parlor cars to Old Feder.

400 P. M. Gordonsville, Accommodation, except Sunday.

625 P. M. for Louisville, Cincinnat, Chicago, St. Louis, Memphis, and New Orleans — Fast Express — with through Pollmans daily, Only route running Pullmans West from Richmond.

ARRIVE IN RESUMENCE.

ARRIVE IN EICHMOND: 8:49 A. M. Gordonsville Accommodation.
11:09 A. M. from Norfolk, Old Point, and Newport News, except Sunday. Pullman parlor cars.
3:09 P. M. from local points and the West, except Sunday.

5:13 P. M. from local points and the west, et-cept Sanday, on the work of the 5:13 P. M. from Old Point, Newport News daily, and from Norfolk daily, ex-cept Sandays, Pulinan parlor cept Sundays, Pullman patter cars,
8:50 P. M. from Loutsville and Cincinnati-Fast Express—duly,
Depot: Seventeenth and Broad streets,
Tickets at 1000 Main street and at the depot.
H. W. FULLER,
General Passenger Agent,
WILLIAMS C. WICKHAM, Second Vice-Presistant,
1018

PICHMOND, FREDERICKSBURG

PICHMOND, FREDERICKSBURG
AND POTOMAC RAILROAD—Schedule
commencing NOVEMBER 2, 1256—sastern
standard time
7:30 A. M., leaves Byrd-Street station daily;
stops only at Ashland, Junction,
Mitford, and Fredericksburg.
Sleeper to Washington, Leaves
Washington for New York at 11:33
A. M., leaves Byrd-Street station daily,
except Sunday, Leaves Washington for New York at 12:39 P. M., sless
by limited at 2:20 P. M., sle

his P. M., arrives at Byrd-Street station daily except Sunday. ASHLAND TRAINS. DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAYS.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAYS.

420 P. M., accommodation, leaves BroadStreet station; arrives at Ashiand
at 5 P. M., leaves Etha; arrives at Ashiand;
at 5 P. M., leaves Etha; arrives at BroadStreet station; leaves Ashiand at 8
A. M., arrives at Etha; leaves Ashiand at 5
512 P. M., arrives at Etha; leaves Ashiand at 5
512 P. M., C. A. TAYLOR, General Ticket Agen.,
K. T. D. Myers, Goueral Superintendent.

A TLANTIC COAST LINE RICHMOND AND PETERSBURG RAILROAD TIME-TABLE.
Commencing SUNDAY, May 1, 1887, stains on this road will run as follows:
TRAINS SOUTHWARD.

No. Richmond. Petersburg. 81 † 6:00 A. M. 7:10 A. M. A-committee of 25 6 20 A. M. 7:25 A. M. modation 33 * 9:18 A. M. 10:40 A. M. Accommedation 23 * 10:39 A. M. 11:28 A. M. Through train 7 * 2:48 P. M. 3:25 P. M. Sept. Past mail: 29 4:42 P. M. 8:06 P. M. mediation 20 † 6:30 P. M. 7:20 P. M. Accommidation TRAINS NORTHWARD.

No. Petersburg. Richmond. 62 * 4:18 A. M. 9:54 A. M. Fast mail. 32 + 7:50 A. M. 8:30 A. M. Accommission

*Daily, †Daily (except Sunday.) Nos. 27 and 62 make no stops. Nos. 25 and 75 stop only on signal at Manchester, Centralis, and Chester. Nos. 25, 24, 28, 29, 31, 28, 34, 35, and 35 will stop at all stations for passengers. PULLMAN-CAR SERVICE

PULLMAN-CAR SERVICE
On Trains Nos. 27 and 62 sleedung-car: between Washington and Jacksonville. On trains Nos. 27 and 62 sleeding-cars between Washington and Charleston. On Trains Nos. 22 and 73 sleeding-cars between New York and Jacksonville, and between New York and Alkan. S. C. (via Charleston). On Trains Nos. 23 and 62 sleeding-cars between New York and Tampa, Fla. (via Jacksonville.)
The ONLY ALL-RAIL LINE TO NORFOLK.
ARAIVE.

THE ONLY ALL-RAIL LINE TO NORFOLK.
Richmond., 710:49 S. M. Norfolk... 2:25 P. M.
Richmond., 76:30 P. M. Norfolk... 19:55 P. M.
Norfolk... 76:50 A. M. Richmond. 19:31 P. M.
Norfolk... 76:50 A. M. Richmond. 19:31 P. M.
These trains also make close connections for Farmville, Lynchburg, and Southwestern points, and all stations on the Norfolk and Western railread, except the 10:49 train. Passengers for points west of Petersburg should-leave by the byS train insiead.

R. M. SULLY.
Suporistendout.